

# Percy Jackson and the Land of Dragons

by FandomCrossroads

Category: How to Train Your Dragon, Percy Jackson and the Olympians

Genre: Adventure, Friendship

Language: English

Characters: Annabeth C., Hiccup, Percy J., Toothless

Pairings: Annabeth C./Percy J.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-08-15 07:22:19

Updated: 2014-10-04 02:18:56

Packaged: 2016-04-26 20:33:45

Rating: T

Chapters: 4

Words: 4,062

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: While the Argo II is crossing the Atlantic, something strange happens. The ship is transported to the sea right off the coast of Berk. When Hiccup and Toothless are out on a late night flight, they discover a war ship sailing right in the direction of Berk. Misunderstandings turn into confrontations, and everyone is confuzzled. Even Annabeth!

## 1. Chapter 1

\*\*A/N. So, this is my first story on after stalking this site for over a year. I noticed that there weren't any PJO/HTTYD crossovers like this, so I decided to write this. And I just started school a week ago, so yay! Inconsistent updating! Great timing, right? I WILL try to update consistently though, but feel free to pester me with PMs if I go two weeks or more without updating. You know, if you like the story. \*\*

\*\*Disclaimer: I don't know why people even do this. I mean, Fan FICTION, right? But, oh well, why not. I do not own Percy Jackson, that honor goes to Rick Riordan. And, of course not HTTYD. Dreamworks and the AMAZING Cressida Cowell have that right. \*\*

It was a cloudy night, with mist cloaking the area around them, but Percy wasn't too worried. His nautical senses always told him exactly where he was, so he knew that the ship wouldn't steer off course.

Percy was on night watch with Leo. The crew of the Argo II had decided early on to always have at least one person up and on the top deck to look out for any monsters that might try to eat them. Or kill them. Whichever came first, really.

Percy sighed. It was late at night, and they had just relieved Frank

from his shift, so Percy was still half asleep. Leo, however, was as ADHD as ever, fiddling with a telescope he had made out of aluminum foil and a piece of broken glass. Don't ask me how, but the guy actually managed to make it work!

"Percy," Leo groaned. "Can your magical sea powers move this fog? I can barely see three feet in front of me. Plus, I really want to test out this telescope," he complained.

Percy sighed, still half-asleep. "No, I can't move the fog. And, don't you already have, like, a really powerful one designed by yourself and made out of Celestial Bronze right over there?" he asked, nodding to about ten feet to the right of them. Well, he thought it was ten feet. He wasn't really sure.

"Well, yeah, but I still want to see if this one works with further distances than just the other side of the ship," Leo said stubbornly, still fiddling with it.

Percy suddenly tensed up. He felt like the sea had shifted some how, like they had just been thrown into a different ocean.

Just then the fog cleared up, giving both of the half-bloods a clear view of the Atlantic Ocean. There, quite a distance away but still close enough to be noticeable, was a small island with a couple of mountains, one much bigger than all the rest.

"Leo," Percy hesitantly said, "I think we may have gone off track a little."

Leo got up to go look at the controls.

"You know, I think you may be right. The map says that we're in the North Atlantic, close to Norway."

"So, we're WAYYY off course," Percy stated.

"Yep."

"And we have very little time left to get to Rome."

"Yep."

"And we have no idea what's in these waters, since the Greek's influence didn't get up here as much as the rest of the world."

"That about sums it up, yes."

"Fantastic," Percy groaned, rubbing his face.

Suddenly, there was a series of beeps from the controls. Leo looked at the screen, then up towards the sky. "There's something up there. The radar just picked up a large object flying around the Argo II," he hissed, then nodded towards the ballistas. Percy followed, taking a position to the right of Leo, and squinting through the sight. Leo saw something, a shadow, pass over the stars, and fired.

The shot missed, however, and the creature retaliated. Not fifteen seconds after the missed shot, Percy and Leo heard a high-pitched

shrieking noise. A bolt of blueish fire hit the side of the Argo II, severely damaging the oars. The two half-bloods looked at each other, then started firing at anything they thought was moving, pausing to stop and reload.

\*\*A/N. So, what did you think? This is my first story ever, so some of the characters might be a bit OOC. \*\*

## 2. Chapter 2

\*\*A/N. So, before I forget, Hiccup is about 16, so about one year after the movie. For Percy, it's about halfway through the Mark of Athena. \*\*

Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III had been having an exceptionally good day. The twins had only destroyed the targets that had been set up at the Academy, Snoutlout had been out on a fishing trip with his dad the whole day, and Fishlegs had been adding a new species of dragon to the Book of Dragons. Astrid had decided to go flying with him, and Hiccup liked to think of it as an almost-date. All in all, it was a great day, really.

Hiccup had promised Toothless a late night ride, however, and honored his word. He never got truly tired of flying, anyways.

As they soared over the ocean, something seemed to catch Toothless's eye. He turned right, and Hiccup moved his half of the tailfin with Toothless's.

Hiccup, curious, asked, "What is it, bud? Something out there?" but his question was soon answered by a large black shape in the distance. Toothless trilled with concern as he flew closer to the unidentified floating object.

As they neared, Hiccup's weaker human eyes finally made out the shape of a boat. It was the largest boat he had ever seen, and it didn't look friendly. It had ballista lined on the sides, and the ship itself was covered in sheets of what looked like metal. There was also a bronze dragon head attached to the front, and dozens of oars along the sides. It defiantly wasn't Viking made, and it looked like it was built for war, Hiccup thought.

Toothless trilled again, sounding a bit more on guard than before, but also curious. Hiccup looked down. They were almost upon the ship now, so Hiccup said, "Let's circle it from above. If that thing's heading for Berk, we need to get as much information as possible. Besides, it's not like they'll see us."

The dragon gave Hiccup a look, as if to say "well, YOU saw me, so why won't they?"

His rider laughed. "That was mostly luck. Now come on, I think we really should check the thing out."

Sighing, the Night Fury angled himself into a glide, circling the strange ship from the sky.

Suddenly, a ballista shot swooped by them, missing the pair by inches. After a few moments of shock, Toothless and Hiccup

immediately pinpointed the location of the shooter on the ship, and as an unspoken agreement, climbed up higher into the night sky.

They came down on the ship, hard. They targeted the side, and with a powerful explosion, knocked most of that side's oars out of existence. Then, a barrage of projectiles came at the pair, forcing them to do some very complicated arial maneuvers that most people wouldn't even think about attempting.

Toothless managed to get another shot in, this time breaking the mast. Unfortunately, a bola snagged his wing, and he let out a cry of surprise and pain, letting the shooters know roughly where they were, but it was enough.

Before the Night Fury could right himself, another bola wrapped around his body. Toothless plummeted towards the ground shrieking, with Hiccup on his back, trying to find his knife so he could cut the ropes restraining them.

### 3. Chapter 3

**\*\*A/N: Yay! Finally, a computer! I had been writing on my phone. Now, hopefully my chapters will be MUCH longer.\*\***

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As soon as Hiccup felt the rope wrap around his mid-section, he knew that something was very, very wrong. His eyes widened on realization as he saw Toothless's wings fold in, and they fell towards the ship below them.

"No!" Hiccup yelled. He scrambled around for his hunting knife that he always kept in one of the saddlebags, but with his dragon twisting and turning in the air, that proved to be no easy task. Toothless was screeching, might he mention loudly, so that definitely did not help his concentration.

Just as they were about to hit the deck, Toothless managed to flip over so his chest took the brunt of the impact, sparing Hiccup, but also probably cracking a few ribs in the process. Even with the dragon's efforts, Hiccup still managed to hit his head on Toothless's. Figures ran over to them, pointing glowing weapons at the mass of tangled limbs and rope.

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Percy ran over to where the monster had fallen. Annabeth and the rest of the crew had joined them, including Coach Hedge, after they were woken up by the creature's blasts. They circled the creature cautiously, having seen first hand what it had done to the Argo II in the short time it had attacked.

It was lying on its stomach, with its wings clearly displayed, but tangled in the rope. There was something rigged to its body that was attached to a red tail fin, but that was as much as he got to see before his attention was drawn to a figure groaning on its back. It sat up and took in its surroundings. He could see now that it was a person (or, at least he hoped it was), and just about Percy's age. "We have you surrounded," Annabeth called out. Gee, now I feel like

a \_\_police man,\_\_ Percy thought. The kid slowly untangled himself and got off of the dragon's back, only to stand in front of it in a defensive position.

Percy stepped forward. "Who are you?" Percy asked.

"Hiccup," the kid answered hesitantly.

"Hiccup? What kind of a name is that?" Leo exclaimed.

"Mine! And it's a fine name. My parents named me that to frighten off nomes and trolls," Hiccup said indignantly.

"Still, what kind of parent names their kid \_Hiccup \_of all things?"

"Well, in my opinion it's much better than Snoutlout."

"\_Snoutlout?"\_

"Alright, we're getting off track. Where are we, and why did you attack us?" Annabeth stepped in.

Hiccup stoop up a little straighter and crossed his arms. "You are in the Barbaric Archipelago, and \_you\_ attacked \_me."\_

Just as he finished saying that, the dragon behind him groaned. "Toothless!" Hiccup exclaimed. Immediately, as if an electric shock went through all of the half-bloods (in Jason's case, it probably had), they raised their weapons and pointed them at the dragon. Hiccup's hands went up in a placating gesture, like one would use to calm a scared horse. "No! Don't do that! It'll only make it worse!" he exclaimed.

"Worse? That's a dragon!" Jason said.

"Oh really? I haven't noticed," Hiccup said dryly.

"Alright, alright. We need answers," Percy interrupted, "I'm pretty sure this ship has been knocked off course, and if you could \_possibly \_give us directions, maybe we can leave. First, where exactly are we? Like, really north or really south?"

Hiccup laughed. "Well, I think we're about a few degrees south of freezing to death, so I'd say pretty far north."

Annabeth and Percy glanced at each other. "Okay, next question. What are you, and how on earth are you flying a dragon?"

He sighed. "Well, for starters, I am a Viking. And long story short, I managed to train a dragon and ended a 300-year-old war between my tribe and the dragons. Happy?"

"Wait. Vikings? Didn't they live around 900 years ago or so?" Piper asked.

Hiccup looked at her curiously. "No, we didn't."

Percy felt Annabeth pull him to the side. "Well, if he's telling the

truth, which I'm pretty sure he is, judging by his clothes and accent, that would explain the constellations. These shouldn't be around, they're too old. What I really don't get is how we got here," she stated. Percy looked up at the stars and back to Annabeth.

"That would explain why the water feels weird. I can still feel it, but it's almost like something's trying to block me from it. That feeling's been getting stronger."

They turned back to the others and noticed that the dragon was staring at them, its emerald green eye piercing their sea green and gray ones. It started to try and push itself up onto its feet, but started struggling as soon as it realized it was still trapped in the bola. Its rider immediately whipped around.

"No! Toothless! Stop, you're just getting yourself more tangled up," Hiccup tried to reason, but the dragon had already seen the weapons pointed at it. It struggled even more violently, trying to break the rope to attack, until Hiccup took something out of his pocket and rubbed it across its nose. The dragon immediately calmed down and sank to the floor, a blissful look on its face.

"What just happened?" Hazel asked from beside Frank. Hiccup sighed again from his place beside "Toothless".

"This, is dragon nip. No, I'm not going to tell you all what it does or where to find it, although you've probably figured that out by now," he muttered. "Now. Who exactly are you? And why did you shoot us down?"

Frank stepped up and answered, "We're just travelers from Greece. We got lost in a storm and found ourselves up here." Hiccup didn't look convinced. Percy groaned internally.

"Travelers on a huge war ship? Not to mention all of these weapons and armor, I've never seen technology like this before. Also, you were heading straight towards one of the islands. The people there won't take kindly to huge war ships turning up on their shores unannounced," he warned. Hiccup then proceeded to walk around the dragon, running his hand down the harness. It connected to the red tail fin, which Percy could now see was a prosthetic. "Okay, since I can tell you won't tell me the real reason you're here," he said as he leaned down to check on it, "Why did you shoot us down? Wait, never mind. Dragon." He stood up, apparently displeased with his inspection, and walked back up to Toothless's back to the saddlebags. "Just so you know, we only attacked because you did first. We're not sky pirates or anything. Now, since I'm expecting to stay on this ship for a while, since Toothless's tail fin is broken, I'd suggest we get to know each other better."

The half-bloods exchanged confused glances.

"What do you mean?" Annabeth asked.

"Well, you see, the tail fin controls flight. So, since his is broken, I'm rather stuck," Hiccup explained, rummaging around in the bags.

The dragon started waking up just as he finished saying that,

groaning and shifting his weight.

"Well, this should be interesting," Percy muttered.

#### 4. Chapter 4

**\*\*A/N:** Ah ha, yeah... I'm really bad at updating. Sorry. That's entirely my fault, I'm an EXTREME procrastinator.  
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Hiccup's hand grabbed the pommel of his hunting knife. He had been searching for it, but with all of the half-finished maps in the bags, it took him a little longer than expected to find it under all of that parchment. He pulled it out, much to the alarm of the others, but only gave them a glance as he started cutting the ropes.

Percy started forward. "Whoa whoa whoa. What do you think you are doing?" he asked, slightly raising his sword.

"I'm freeing my dragon. I don't think that he will react well to waking up trapped in ropes again. Besides, he will only attack if you try to hurt him or me. The weapons really aren't helping," Hiccup stated as he continued to move around and cut the ropes. Toothless groaned again and started shifting his weight.

"So, are you absolutely\_ sure \_that he won't attack us?" Annabeth asked.

"Yep. Just don't do anything rash," Hiccup answered, almost done with freeing Toothless.

Annabeth walked up a bit closer to them. "You seem pretty nonchalant about all of this," she stated.

Hiccup laughed. "Well, you would too if you'd been in as many kidnappings as I have. And besides, no offense, you guys don't exactly look like hardened criminals."

"What, even with all of the weapons?"

"You guys \_really \_aren't from around here, are you? In my village, we carry as many as six weapons at a time. Even the five-year-olds. Same goes for practically all of the other tribes up here."

Before Annabeth or any of the others had a chance to absorb that information or ask which village he came from, Toothless groaned again and opened his eyes.

"Oh, nice to know that you're back with the living again, bud," Hiccup said as he nudged his dragon's side. Toothless took in his surroundings with wary eyes as he woke up. When he found that he was no longer restricted by the ropes, he slowly stood on sturdy legs as he took up a protective stance around Hiccup. Hiccup, circled by the overprotective kitten, called out to the others and said, "Now, just put your weapons away. Toothless won't attack if you don't threaten him." He was actually beginning to hope that this might work without any more fighting.

As the curious group of strangers began to put away their weapons, a crash was heard below deck. As the crashes grew louder, as well as the sound of someone screaming \_DIE\_ at the top of their lungs, Percy and about half of the other kids groaned loudly and slapped their foreheads. Annabeth tried to rush forward to intercept whoever, or \_whatever\_, \_was\_ coming. She was just half a second too late though as a large man burst from below deck, brandishing a large bat.

"\*\*DIE!\*\*" he screamed again as he spotted the half-formed ball of black scales hidden in the dark that was Toothless. Ignoring the others' cries to stop, he ran full pelt at the dragon, and by default, Hiccup. Toothless shoved him back as he pounced on the crazy man, the duo rolling over and over in the darkness, the momentum almost carrying them both off the side of the ship and into the ocean.

Hiccup scrambled up as the others ran at the fight, trying to stop it as they also tried not to have their hands bitten off by an angry Night Fury, or clubbed in the head by a very large and not-very-well-controlled bat. Hiccup felt a very strong sense of deja vu, and within a millisecond placed it as when Toothless was fighting his dad in the Ring before the battle against the Red Death. \_Sincerely\_ \_hoping\_ that it did not end the same way, or close to it in any way, he rushed over to his dragon and tried to calm him down by saying things like \_stop\_, \_calm down\_, \_and\_ \_it'll be okay\_, \_but\_ quickly gave up that approach as the fight became more violent. He thought he saw a flash of a hoof flying into Toothless's stomach, but thought it must have been a trick of the light. The crazy bat-man didn't, \_couldn't\_ \_have\_ hooves for feet. Not possible. Or at least, highly improbable.

Just as he had that thought, a very loud, high-pitched screeching noise, similar but still distinct from a Night Fury's blast, had him and everyone else covering their ears almost instantaneously. The fighting pair broke apart to cover their ears too, and after a few more seconds, the noise stopped. They looked up to where the noise had come from to find Leo standing near a small hatch, slowly taking some earplugs out of his ears.

"And that," he said, "is why you should never annoy Leo."

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Percy started laughing as he saw Leo standing with one of his crazy contraptions and a lopsided grin on his face. His ears were still ringing, but he could hear everyone else start laughing too. That was typical Leo, coming up with a solution like that one. Hazel, deciding that she didn't want another brawl on her hands, ran over to Coach Hedge and quickly explained the situation to him. He saw Hiccup run over to the dragon out of the corner of his eye and start calming him down, without the dragon nip this time. Percy and the other half-bloods gained control over their laughter soon enough, and Leo walked over to them with his megaphone-like contraption.

"Knew this thing would come in handy one day, though I thought I would have to break up a fight between one of you guys over the last slice of pizza or something," Leo joked, gesturing to the machine.



They all laughed, then turned back to the dragon, his rider, and the satyr.

Hiccup immediately saw them turn around and started shooting out apologies as fast as he could manage. "I'm really sorry, he wouldn't have attacked if he hadn't been provoked, he's actually a really good dragon, he'll behave-"

"Whoah! It's fine! I mean, I would attack too if someone was running at me with a baseball bat, screaming die loud enough to wake Hades," Percy soothed, not wanting the Viking to be more freaked out. He had just spotted Coach Hedge's feet, well, hooves, and was gaping at them.

"Does that man have... goat hooves? Instead of actual feet?" Hiccup stuttered.

Annabeth gave everyone her 'I'm going to explain this so please do not interrupt me right now' look. "Yep," she said, "He has goat hindquarters instead of human ones. He's a satyr from Greek mythology."

"S-saytr? Those are real? Are the rest of the Greek legends real then, too?" he asked, a slightly dumbfounded look on his face.

"Yes. And we're half-bloods. Sons and daughters of the Greek gods. We're currently on a quest, but we were somehow thrown off track and ended way up north."

"Oh," was all Hiccup got out. His dragon, who had been behind him the whole time, nuzzled his shoulder. He scratched behind the dragon's ears, his expression obviously saying that he was trying to absorb what he had just been told.

Hiccup blinked rapidly and said, "Well, I guess that makes sense. Sort of."

Everyone looked at him, astonished that he had recovered and accepted that (really rather insane) explanation. Hiccup wasn't done yet, though.

"I mean, other than the fact that there is a person standing not twenty feet away from me that is half goat, I've heard of the Greek legends before. Not so different from our Norse ones. Well, kind of. Also, I've heard that some people don't believe that dragons exist anymore. I have living proof that that's false," he explained, turning back to look at his dragon with a smile. He suddenly found his face full of dragon slobber though, and Percy could hear the reptile making a weird coughing noise, almost like he was choking. He obviously wasn't though, judging by the look on his face as he looked at Hiccup. \_Laughing? Is that the right word? \_Percy thought. Hiccup wiped his shirt and eyes to try and clear them of the spit and moaned, "Toothless, you \_know \_that doesn't wash out."

Everyone started laughing again. All of the remaining tension began to bleed out of the air, leaving eight very giggly and out of breath teens.

Annabeth was the first to calm down. She walked over to the small Viking and waited until most of the others were done with their

little laughing fit. As Leo pulled himself up off the deck, she said, "Hiccup, we're sorry we shot at you."

Hiccup rubbed his hand on his pant leg to clean it off. "And we're sorry that we shot at you and damaged your ship. Truce?" he asked, holding out his hand.

"Truce.," annabeth agreed, shaking his hand.

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file.